WATSON WAS A WOMAN, BY REX STOUT

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"ROBESPIERRE AND THE FOURTH ESTATE"
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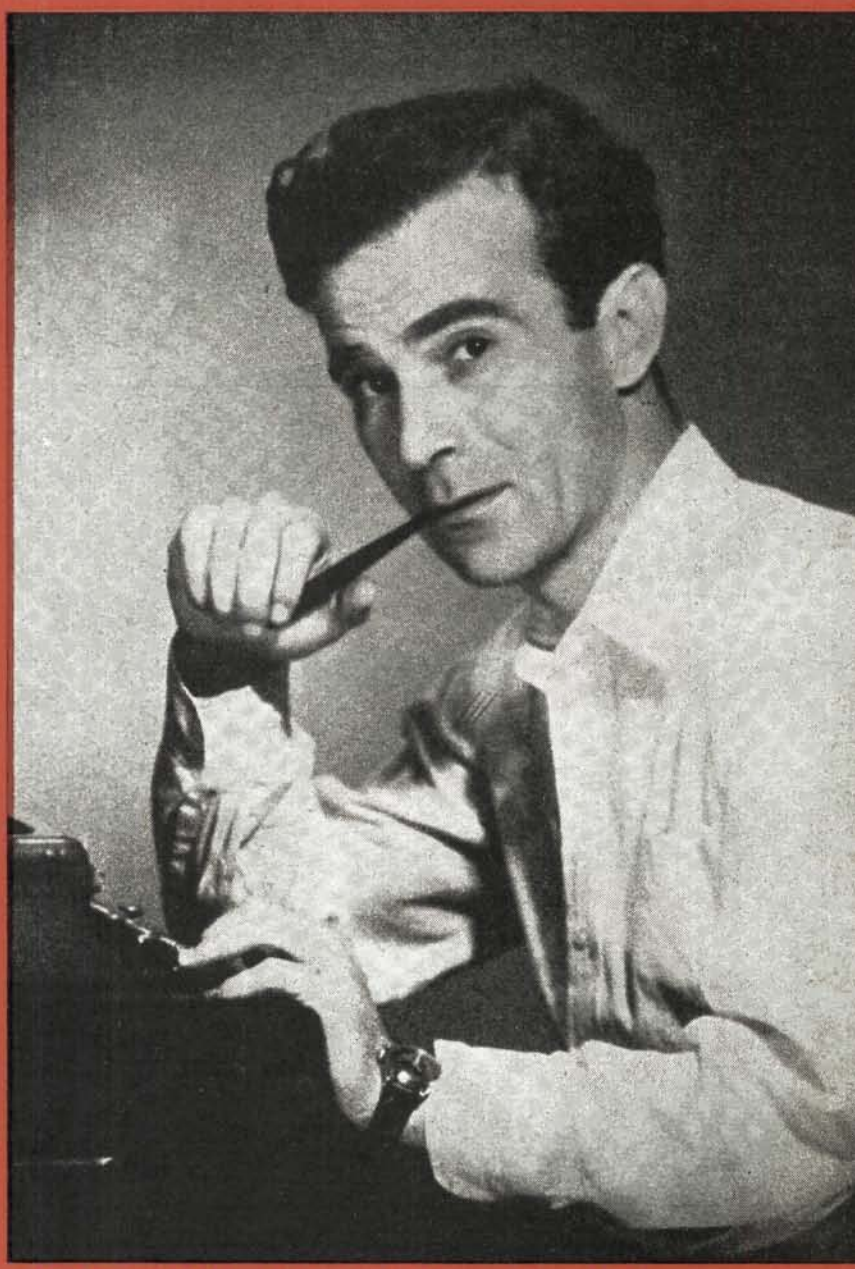

EDGAR SNOW: "Probably the best informed of any American on the Chinese Communist Party." *(See page 5)*

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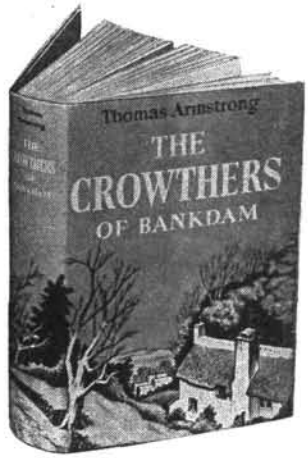

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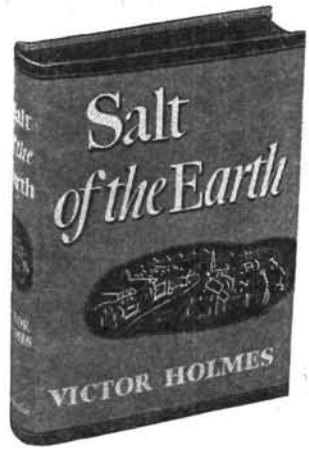

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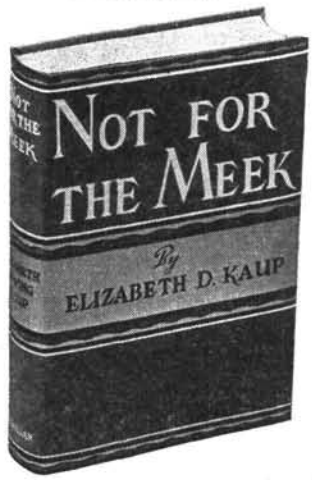

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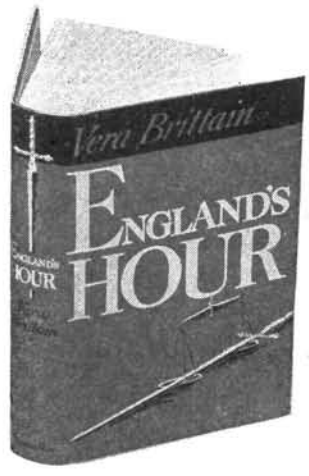

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Watson Was A Woman

REX STOUT

GASOGENE: Tantalus: Buttons: Irregulars:

You will forgive me for refusing to join your commemorative toast, "The Second Mrs. Watson," when you learn it was a matter of conscience. I could not bring myself to connive at the perpetuation of a hoax. Not only was there never a second Mrs. Watson; there was not even a first Mrs. Watson. Furthermore, there was no Doctor Watson.

Please keep your chairs.

Like all true disciples, I have always recurrently dipped into the Sacred Writings (called by the vulgar the Sherlock Holmes stories) for refreshment; but not long ago I reread them from beginning to end, and I was struck by a singular fact that reminded me of the dog in the night. The singular fact about the dog in the night, as we all know, was that it didn't bark; and the singular fact about Holmes in the night is that he is never seen going to bed. The writer of the tales, the Watson person, describes over and over again, in detail, all the other minutiæ of that famous household—suppers, breakfasts, arrangement of furniture, rainy evenings at home—but not once are we shown either Holmes or Watson going to bed. I wondered, why not? Why such unnatural and obdurate restraint, nay, concealment, regarding one of the pleasantest episodes of the daily routine?

I got suspicious.

The uglier possibilities that occurred to me, as that Holmes had false teeth or that Watson wore a toupee, I rejected as preposterous. They were much too obvious, and shall I say unsinister. But the game was afoot, and I sought the trail, in the only field available to me, the Sacred Writings themselves. And right at the very start, on page 9 of "A Study in Scarlet," I found this:

> . . . It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning.

I was indescribably shocked. How had so patent a clue escaped so many millions of readers through the years? That was, that could only be, a woman speaking of a man. Read it over. The true authentic speech of a wife telling of her husband's—but wait. I was not indulging in idle speculation, but seeking evidence to establish a fact. It was unquestionably a woman speaking of a man, yes, but whether a wife of a husband, or a mistress of a lover, . . . I admit I blushed. I blushed for Sherlock Holmes, and I closed the book. But the fire of curiosity was raging in me, and soon I opened again to the same page, and there in the second paragraph I saw:

> The reader may set me down as a hopeless busybody, when I confess how much this man stimulated my curiosity, and how often I endeavored to break through the reticence which he showed on all that concerned himself.

You bet she did. She would. Poor Holmes! She doesn't even bother to employ one of the stock euphemisms, such as, "I wanted to understand him better," or, "I wanted to share things with him." She proclaims it with brutal directness, "I endeavored to break through the reticence." I shuddered, and for the first time in my life felt that Sherlock Holmes was not a god, but human—human by his suffering. Also, from that one page I regarded the question of the Watson person's sex as settled for good. Indubitably she was a female, but wife or mistress? I went on. Two pages later I found:

> . . . his powers upon the violin . . . at my request he has played me some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder* . . ."

Imagine a man asking another man to play him some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder* on a violin!

And on the next page:

> . . . I rose somewhat earlier than usual, and found that Sherlock Holmes had not yet finished his breakfast . . . my place had not been laid nor my coffee prepared. With . . . petulance . . . I rang the bell and gave a curt intimation that I was ready. Then I picked up a magazine from the table and attempted to while away the time with it, while my companion munched silently at his toast.

THAT is a terrible picture, and you know and I know how bitterly realistic it is. Change the diction, and it is practically a love story by Ring Lardner. That Sherlock Holmes, like other men, had breakfasts like that is a hard pill for a true disciple to swallow, but we must face the facts. The chief thing to note of this excerpt is that it not only reinforces the conviction that Watson was a lady—that is to say, a woman—but also it bolsters our hope that Holmes did not through all those years live in sin. A man does not munch silently at his toast when breakfasting with his mistress; or, if he does, it won't be long until he gets a new one. But Holmes stuck to her—or she to him—for over a quarter of a century. Here are a few quotations from the later years:

> . . . Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me. . . . I rose to my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter amazement, and then it appears that I must have fainted. . . ."
>
> —"The Adventure of the Empty House," page 4.

> I believe that I am one of the most long-suffering of mortals.
>
> —"The Tragedy of Birlstone," Page 1.

> The relations between us in those latter days were peculiar. He was a man of habits, narrow and concentrated habits, and I had become one of them. As an institution I was

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like the violin, the shag tobacco, the old black pipe, the index books, and others perhaps less excusable.
—"The Adventure of the Creeping Man," page 1.

And we have been expected to believe that a man wrote those things! The frank and unconcerned admission that she fainted at sight of Holmes after an absence! "I am one of the most long-suffering of mortals"—the oldest uxorial cliché in the world; Aeschylus used it; no doubt cave-men gnashed their teeth at it! And the familiar pathetic plaint, "As an institution I was like the old black pipe!"

Yes, uxorial, for surely she was wife. And the old black pipe itself provides us with a clincher on that point. This comes from page 16 of "The Hound of the Baskervilles":

. . . did not return to Baker Street until evening. It was nearly nine o'clock when I found myself in the sitting-room once more.

My first impression as I opened the door was that a fire had broken out, for the room was so filled with smoke that the light of the lamp upon the table was blurred by it. As I entered, however, my fears were set at rest, for it was the acrid fumes of strong coarse tobacco which took me by the throat and set me coughing. Through the haze I had a vague vision of Holmes in his dressing-gown coiled up in an arm-chair with his black clay pipe between his lips. Several rolls of paper lay around him.

"Caught cold, Watson?" said he.

"No, it's this poisonous atmosphere."

"I suppose it *is* pretty thick, now that you mention it."

"Thick! It is intolerable!"

"Open the window, then!"

I say husband and wife. Could anyone alive doubt it after reading that painful banal scene? Is there any need to pile on the evidence?

For a last-ditch skeptic there is more evidence, much more. The efforts to break Holmes of the cocaine habit, mentioned in various places in the Sacred Writings, display a typical reformist wife in action, especially the final gloating over her success. A more complicated, but no less conclusive, piece of evidence is the strange, the astounding recital of Holmes's famous disappearance, in "The Final Problem," and the reasons given therefor in a later tale, "The Adventure of the Empty House." It is incredible that this monstrous deception was not long ago exposed.

Holmes and Watson had together wandered up the valley of the Rhone, branched off at Leuk, made their way over the Gemmi Pass, and gone on, by way of Interlaken, to Meiringen. Near that village, as they were walking along a narrow trail high above a tremendous abyss, Watson was maneuvered back to the hotel by a fake message. Learning that the message was a fake, she (he) flew back to their trail, and found that Holmes was gone. No Holmes. All that was left of him was a polite and regretful note of farewell, there on a rock with his cigarette case for a paperweight, saying that Professor Moriarty had arrived and was about to push him into the abyss.

That in itself was rather corny. But go on to "The Adventure of the Empty House." Three years have passed. Sherlock Holmes has suddenly and unexpectedly reappeared in London, causing the Watson person to collapse in a faint. His explanation of his long absence is fantastic. He says that he had grappled with Professor Moriarty on the narrow trail and tossed him into the chasm; that, in order to deal at better advantage with the dangerous Sebastian Moran, he had decided to make it appear that he too had toppled over the cliff; that, so as to leave no returning footprints on the narrow trail, he had attempted to scale the upper cliff, and, while he was doing so, Sebastian Moran himself had appeared up above and thrown rocks at him; that by herculean efforts he had eluded Moran and escaped over the mountains; that for three years he had wandered around Persia and Tibet and France, communicating with no one but his brother Mycroft, so that Sebastian Moran would think he was dead. *Though by his own account Moran knew, must have known, that he had got away!*

That is what Watson says that Holmes told her (him). It is simply gibberish, below the level even of a village half-wit. It is impossible to suppose that Sherlock Holmes ever dreamed of imposing on any sane person with an explanation like that; it is impossible to believe that he would insult his own intelligence by offering such an explanation even to an idiot. I deny that he ever did. I believe that all he said, after Watson recovered from the faint, was this, "My dear, I am willing to try it again," for he was a courteous man. And it was Watson, who, attempting to cook up an explanation, made such a terrible hash of it.

THEN who was this person whose nom de plume was "Doctor Watson?" Where did she come from? What was she like? What was her name before she snared Holmes?

Let us see what we can do about the name, by methods that Holmes himself might have used. It was Watson who wrote the immortal tales, therefore if she left a record of her name anywhere it must have been in the tales themselves. But what we

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The Inner Drama of China

THE BATTLE FOR ASIA. By Edgar Snow. New York: Random House. 1941. 431 pp., with index. $3.75.

Reviewed by MILES VAUGHN

EDGAR SNOW is probably the best informed of any American on the Chinese Communist Party and in his latest book he sets forth in detail the relationship between the Red movement, headed by Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, and the dominant Kuomintang party in Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-shek's all-China anti-Japanese front.

Snow has spent much of the last fifteen years with the Communists, repeatedly has visited their capital in Yenan, Shensi Province, and is closer to Mao, Chu, and other Red leaders, who did much to bring on the Chinese-Japanese conflict, than any other writer in English.

Hence it is not without intimate personal knowledge, and an admittedly broad sympathy for Chinese Communist objectives, that he relates the basic causes for the present friction between Chiang and the Yenan "Border Government" which recently resulted in expulsion of the new Communist Fourth Army from its base south of the Yangtse River to poverty-stricken areas of the north. The commanders of the Fourth Army, presumably, still are held for court-martial in Chungking.

The picture Snow draws is not reassuring for those who envision a "united China" calmly confident of fighting through the war with Japan to a victorious conclusion. It is a picture, indeed, which would furnish a vast amount of ammunition for critics who question some of the moves of the United States Government in the present confused situation in the Far East.

As Snow sees the picture, if a final break between the Communists and the Kuomintang (the Chinese Nationalist Party in which Generalissimo Chiang is the strongest single figure) is avoided it will be due largely to Communist forbearance and a relationship between Yenan and Moscow which makes China an outer battle-ground for the defense of the Soviet Union.

Snow does not go so far as to say that Yenan takes orders from Moscow but he points out that the leaders of the Chinese Communist Party and those who are moulding the destinies of Russia have a common revolutionary viewpoint and practice, a common revolutionary technique.

"Chinese publicists, missionaires and other pro-China people did their best to convince the world that the Chinese Communists were not real Communists," he says, "and Chiang Kai-shek himself recently told a German correspondent that there were 'no Communists in China. . . .'

"But if I understood Mao Tse-tung correctly he would not be bothered about these aspersions cast upon his Marxism. . . . My personal feeling in the matter is that liberals who build up hopes that the Communists of China are 'different' and 'only reformers,' and have abandoned revolutionary methods to achieve their program, are doomed to ultimate disillusionment."

Snow pictures the Red armies led by Chu Teh and others as the strongest defenders China has in the "war of resistance" against Japan, but he makes it clear that the Communists do not submit in principle to Generalissimo Chiang's dictatorship. He says that during the war all Communist troops, such as the Kuomintang soldiers, recognize Chiang Kai-shek as the supreme military leader. They do not, however, make a fetish of their loyalty, nor do they, for example, rise and come to attention every time Chiang's name is mentioned as do other troops.

Contrasting Mao Tse-tung and Chiang, Snow says that the former is essentially a social revolutionary, while Chiang is essentially a "social conservative."

The author long has considered the Communist movement, because of its able leadership, its unity, its ability to unite the masses and its unselfishness, as China's greatest hope, and he pictures the Reds as willing to accept continued injustices from Chungking so long as their primary objective—united Chinese resistance to Japan—can be assured. He finds that Nationalist sentiment seems more pronounced in Mao Tse-tung and his followers than among Communists in the Western democracies, but points out that according to Communist theory, China is a semi-colonial and semi-feudal country struggling not for immediate socialism but toward national emancipation on the one hand, and to achieve social democracy by liquidating "remnants of feudalism" on the other. Adhering to this doctrine for over a decade, and building up an army on the basis of it, have naturally developed quite a degree of self-reliance.

Mr. Snow implies that the Chinese Communists form an important link in Soviet Russian plans for defense of their homeland against eventual capitalist aggression.

In his chapter on "The Generalissimo," Snow views Chiang Kai-shek with an almost brutal objectivity and does much to dispel the "saint and super-man" myth which has been so widely circulated in this country since the beginning of the Chinese-Japanese conflict. Many of the men surrounding the Generalissimo are "dubious," Snow believes—and he should know—and he attributes much of Chiang's international stature to the "astute and devoted vice-minister of war publicity, Hollington K. Tong, who has made the most of his contacts with the foreign press." He believes that Chiang's leadership is due to his "tenacity, decision, ruthlessness, energy, ambition, initiative and a deep love of power." The Generalissimo asserts that "wherever I go there is the Government, the Cabinet and the center of resistance." But Chiang, according to Snow, is not a dictator in the Western sense. He does not even have as much enforcement power on decisions as President Roosevelt, for example. Snow finds much of the greatness attributed to Chiang symbolic.

Chiang Kai-shek

The organization of the book might be improved, and its earlier chapters, in which Snow describes his departure from Peking shortly after the war started and subsequent experiences in Shanghai and Chungking, throw little new light on the China scene. As for the rest of the work, however, the material dealing with the Communist movement is probably the most authoritative ever penned and is to be commended to all who seek a realistic understanding of the forces at work in China and the outlook for that country after the conflict with Japan ends. In the latter chapters Snow sets forth his ideas for a new world which are provocative whether one agrees with them or not.

Miles Vaughn, cable editor of the United Press, was formerly Far Eastern correspondent for that service.

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The "Everyman" Man

WALES ENGLAND WED. By Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 295 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

I SUPPOSE the name of Ernest Rhys is known to students of every conceivable kind of literature from nonsense to economics, poetry to politics, fiction to history, biography to drama. For Ernest Rhys is the originator and the editor of Everyman's Library; and before that he had edited brilliantly a less ambitious series known as the Camelot Classics. Ernest Rhys is now over eighty years of age; and in this autobiographical volume he gives his admirers a view of his personal life just as in the earlier "Everyman Remembers" he made a record of his career as editor.

The title of this volume is the author's boast of his mixed ancestry—a Welsh father and a Yorkshire mother. Oddly enough Ernest Rhys traces his romantic, careless, generous temperament to his mother rather than to his father: John Rhys was a harsh, uncertain man, of narrow piety, and that extreme conventionality which only those who have known provincial Wales can understand. Ernest was not an easy boy. His father was a branch manager, first in Carmarthen, then on Tyneside, for the earliest chain-store grocers who specialized in selling wine: Ernest rejected the chance of prospering in that business, took up the profession of mining engineer, and, no sooner had he passed the difficult examination for that job, than he threw it up and went off to London to be a poet, a novelist, an essayist.

It has clearly been a great disappointment to him that he has never excelled in any of the creative branches of literature; a few lyrics, a few acute essays in literary criticism are memorable, but not of high excellence. All his life he has stood as an usher at the temple-doors, introducing millions of readers to the great works of other authors, authors of all ages and many nationalities. Never was there so superb a discoverer, never an editor with such a gift for finding the right introducer to the right book or one with a more persuasive tongue.

Ernest Rhys

In this personal book Ernest Rhys gives a picture of his life in the wine-store, in the mines, in London of the '80's and '90's, when George Moore, Arthur Symons, John Davidson, W. B. Yeats, Aubrey Beardsley, and less-known men were revolutionary: and he throws a pleasant, less sinister light on many of the sad, gay figures of that rebellious period. He was too sturdy a provincial, and too sound a judge of genius to be either over-impressed or scared. The loveliest chapters in the book tell the story of his marriage to Grace Little, the gallant daughter of an impoverished Irish squireen; there is rare tenderness in the picture of their life in the beautiful Welsh country near Llangollen.

Here is the modest autobiography of a man who knew what he wanted from life, caught it by snatches, missed it often, but in missing contrived to get and to give happiness from what he did manage to achieve.

Robespierre: "The People's Man"

ROBESPIERRE AND THE FOURTH ESTATE. By Ralph Korngold. New York: Modern Age Books, Inc. 1941 417 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

THE argument between Dantonists and Robespierrists has continued almost to our own days in the works of two great masters of French history, Aulard and Mathiez. Mr. Korngold's book shows us that there is still considerable life in the controversy. He is, in a very certain sense, a follower of Mathiez. He admires Robespierre, he is careful of his admiration, but he very frankly admits that where there is a doubt, he gives Robespierre the benefit.

Although he belongs to the Robespierrists and is well acquainted with their literature (for he has already written a biography of Saint Just) Mr. Korngold, in this present work, is not rewriting an old story. He presents in a more modern form and with a more modern interpretation, an interesting thesis—namely, that above all others Robespierre was the people's man. Elegant, exquisite as was his dress and way of living, he was always their advocate. Rousseau was their God, Robespierre too worshipped him, but Mr. Korngold points out very carefully that Robespierre was not a literal follower of the philosopher. From the time when he began life as an obscure lawyer he plead their causes for them and wrote pamphlets on their behalf. At Versailles in 1789 he showed sympathy for the mob, and when the Assembly moved to Paris he became almost at once the fearless idol of the galleries. Throughout his later life, as dictator even, he saw himself as dictator for them and for their needs. In this role Mr. Korngold believes Robespierre was sincere, and he makes a very good case for it.

In this book Robespierre's ideas appear far more advanced and extensive than usual. He is called a collectivist, but is the fact that he was later appropriated as their forerunner by Babeuf, Buonarotte, Louis Blanc, and Bronterre O'Brien sufficient proof that Robespierre was a conscious advocate of collectivism as they saw it? Some of his measures tend that way; others do not.

This book is as much an interpretation of the Revolution as of Robespierre. The title indicates that clearly. Mr. Korngold sees a new Estate emerging out of the confusions of the 1780s. The Treaty of 1786 with England, he declares, sacrificed French industry and threw thousands out of work. It was these thousands who supported the Third Estate. But when that Estate had gained the power and prices rose as a result of the war, the government fell into the hands of a group, and it was Robespierre who finally subordinated the interests of the rich bourgeoisie to those of the poor. And it is this part of France, until then unrecognized that Mr. Korngold calls the *Fourth Estate.* The reviewer does not wish to seem picayune about terms, but the use of those two words is misleading. *Fourth Estate* is still a newspaper term, but its use in history would seem to imply that the words were applicable to the society of the Revolution. It is quite safe to remark, I think, that few, if any, during the eighteenth century would have understood what was meant by the *Fourth Estate.* In French history the word *Estate* implies an order with attributes, privileges, and a political life.

This book is well-written, original, and nicely put together.

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Tarkington and Social Significance

THE HERITAGE OF HATCHER IDE. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 310 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by J. P. MARQUAND

OPPOSITE the title page in "The Heritage of Hatcher Ide" is a list of Mr. Tarkington's other works. The list contains two novels which have won the Pulitzer Prize, a distinction accorded to no other author. It contains nothing which is not a consistent performance, on a high level of technical achievement, and much which rises far higher. Our more ponderous critics must be bewildered, and those authors who must depend for their living on their literary output cannot but be cheered to discover that the greater part of Mr. Tarkington's work first saw light in the pages of the more popular periodicals which we are told have done so much to debauch literary talent.

Yet, Mr. Tarkington has been at this sort of thing for forty-two years and by his own unvarying standards and good taste has proved that literature can be produced outside of an ivory tower and sold in the market place. Further, he has proved that a man, if he is good enough, can keep up with the enormous variations of literary fashion. In all of his rather stupendous career he has never faltered; he has never been "dated." He has started with the horse-and-buggy age, but manners and eccentricities, even when they ride in stream-line motors, have never left him staring bewildered and defeated through the dust. He has been able through every decade to change his models and his tools.

Mr. Tarkington's latest novel, "The Heritage of Hatcher Ide," necessarily assumes a peculiar significance in the light of what has gone before, but it does not need the bolstering of reputation. From the point of view of craftsmanship, very few novelists can match it, for Mr. Tarkington's experience has only added to his skill, without an aftermath of perfunctory weariness. His new book speaks as eloquently of today as "The Gentleman from Indiana" did of its own period. It has the wisdom of an older man, but also the zest for life and the good nature of a man who has never aged.

In spite of the deceptive ease and good temper of Mr. Tarkington's style, "The Heritage of Hatcher Ide" cuts deeply through the maladjustments and disillusions that obscure the stark outlines of our present financial depression. Actually it is a novel of social significance, although a socially-minded critic might not admit it, since Mr. Tarkington's characters all come from the neglected and harassed class of the "haves," as opposed to the "have-nots," these latter being lost almost completely in the soft coal smoke of the Ides' mid-Western city. Thus in its way the general tone and setting is reminiscent of "The Magnificent Ambersons," except that the hero, Hatcher Ide, is indubitably a product of 1939, drawn with telling details quite characteristic of the period.

Up to his graduation from college young Hatcher lived in the security of that adolescent world, so carefully and unhappily designed for the children of "comfortably-off" parents. Until he was twenty-two he accepted, as his contemporaries did, the adult members of his family as genial symbols rather than human beings, completely ignorant of their problems and of their personalities. The opening of the story finds Hatcher Ide and the boys and girls he knew pathetically infantile, through no fault of their own. There is added pathos in the attitude of his parents and of his Uncle Victor, implied rather than definitely expressed, which prevents their accepting him as a member of a grownup circle. Yet Hatcher, pushed onto the side lines by a social compulsion, which breaks only toward the final pages, sees that things are very bad in this adult world.

The family real estate and investment business, which had grown with the almost magic waxing of the midland city where the Ides had lived for generations, was distinctly going to pot and Mr. and Mrs. Ide, though keeping up a serene façade, were sick with worry. The houses of all the best people around them were mortgaged to the hilt, although the best people were carrying on. His Uncle Victor, decorated and wounded in the last war, and once a successful architect, no longer lived at his club, because the club had disappeared. He dwelt instead in a second-rate boarding house. His father's partner was as jolly as ever, hysterically jolly, and was spending too much money. Their neighbor, Mrs. Sarah Florian, a rich grass-widow, had been forced to return from her continental stamping grounds because of the fall of France. This is the world which Fletcher Ide must face, a plausible environment in the light of the present. The reader is permitted to see it through the puzzled mind of Hatcher, through the patient and integrated eyes of his Uncle Victor, and through Mr. Tarkington's own. From Mr. Tarkington one gathers that things would have been better under a Republican administration, but Mr. Tarkington is too much of an artist for personal prejudices.

Drawing by S. J. Woolf
Booth Tarkington

Half a man, half adolescent, young Hatcher bungles his way through the plot to a hopeful if not a happy ending. It is a comedy of manners, a field which is Mr. Tarkington's favorite, all of it skillfully and much of it beautifully told.

There are certain faults in this book which sometimes detract from its reality. Mrs. Florian, for instance, is frequently drawn with an emphasis on her brittle artificiality and selfishness that tends to make her unconvincing until the very end. Victor Linley may often be too much of a clear-eyed Galahad for his own good as a character, and Hatcher Ide's solution of his problem—the discovery that houses when painted and papered will rent more readily than dingy dwellings—smacks of a fictional contrivance that may be too simple to seem real. Yet faults like these do very little to destroy the final impression of the book, or the reader's consistent pleasure in Mr. Tarkington's deep knowledge of human beings and of the world as it moves today. There is the same vigor and the same unerring eye for detail that is present in all his other pages and, best of all, there is that spirit of optimism, that unconquerable glow of hope in Mr. Tarkington's young. Hatcher Ide and Dorcy and Hatcher's sister, Frances, and all their friends give "The Heritage of Hatcher Ide" an aura of gallantry and courage which raises it above its worldly plot and which lightens its shadows; and all this is done in a manner which is beyond the power of any other living novelist.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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Harrison Smith
Publisher
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ROUGH-HEW YOUR ENDS

IF anyone doubts the high importance of formulating the ends and objectives of this country in a critical time, let him go through the files of this magazine, which, with its predecessor, *The Literary Review,* covers that fateful period from 1920 on which is now being called the long armistice. He will find there review after review of books whose authors had devoted thought, time, and research to the tangle of war aims which produced such confusion after the end of the last war. He will emerge from his reading convinced, we think, that it is not enough to enter conflict with a determination to win; nor wise to be content with sincere intention to uphold morality, freedom, and democracy. We professed all of these causes, and sincerely too, in the last great combat, and so did the best men in Britain and France; but we failed to implement them, and so, though for different reasons, did our associates abroad.

A vast majority of Americans are determined that Hitlerism shall not become the life philosophy of our next decade. No criticism is implied in what follows of the willingness to risk war, if risk is necessary, in order to prevent that catastrophe. We approve heartily of such a policy. We believe that England must be aided in every way, and that Hitlerism must be destroyed. But it must be clear that the will to defend and the will to win are not enough in themselves to safeguard the country against the future. What is necessary will not be known in any definite way until that future itself has become more definite. But if we do not even rough-hew our ends, expecting some divinity to shape them for us when they have to be shaped in a hurry, the result will be the beginning of another bad armistice. Worse than that; for no thinking man can doubt that the next few years will see a recasting of the economy, and perhaps of the ideals, of this country—toward what? No nation is committed to leaping before it looks. A democracy powerless over its own directions is not the democracy which was founded in this country. And, as Walt Whitman said, the meaning of America is democracy.

We would respectfully but urgently call to the attention of our British friends that their need to shape their aims in world crisis is even greater than ours. Only the least instructed isolationists now fail to see that an American future is deeply involved in a British future. It is not a question of wish, it is a question of fact, always provided that America stays American in a true sense and Great Britain carries on the British tradition of government and the rights of the individual. Nor can even the isolationists doubt that the British future is deeply involved with ours.

Mr. Churchill's brave defiance of Hitlerism, and Lord Halifax's frequent statements that England intends to reestablish international justice and national freedom, are heartening, but too unspecific for many American minds. If England wins, and we believe that she will, how are justice and freedom to be implemented? What kind of Europe does Great Britain hope for after the war? What kind of hope does England offer to a Europe freed from Hitlerism. It never will be freed without a better hope than was offered in 1918. The entirely independent small state has become already a historical impossibility. A continent, interdependent economically, yet split, as Europe was, into national states warring with tariffs and exclusions, and controlled by a shifting balance of power, is preferable to the new slavery system of the Nazis, but looks toward no encouraging future. Our concern as to *how* Europe is to be internally reorganized into a successful and non-aggressive group, federation, or union of nations, is only indirect; our concern that the purpose of the victors should be so to reorganize it, is direct and vital. We do not want to pledge our future to the restoration of a bad status quo. So the liberals among the English felt about the Bourbons in the Napoleonic age. So nearly all Americans feel now.

What principles—it is unfair to ask for more now—does the British democracy propose to apply in the East and to the whole question of colonies, if, with our help, they break the Nazi power, see the European empire disintegrate, find themselves once again able to propose peace to the world? We have confidence that only Mr. Churchill's fierce concentration on victory has kept the British people from stating through their spokesmen that, if they win, a practicable peace, devoted to solving by science and good will the problems of a world that can't go backward, wins with them.

H. S. C.

How Will You Feel, Adolf?

By Robert Nathan

HOW will you feel, Adolf, when the war is over,
And the soldiers, each one a hero, each one covered with glory, come home
To what is left of their families? When the victorious armies
Aided by the police, have gathered up all the world's treasure,
The grain from Poland, the oil from Rumania, the butter from Denmark,
The wool from England, the last post card from Paris,
When the cities have been thoroughly ransacked, when every penny, every tin pot has been taken,
When there is nobody left to fight any more, nobody left to argue,
(Only a few dozen Jews somewhere among the deserts of China,
Armed with spades and a watering can)—
How will you feel when over the whole brown wasted earth,
In Africa, Asia, the Americas, even in Honolulu,
Nobody says It's a nice day any more, or Thank you, or even How are you,
Only Heil, and Excuse me?
And how will you feel when you die, and go to heaven,
(Because even you cannot live forever),
And find that heaven is full of others besides National Socialists—
Poles, Czechs, Norwegians, Belgians, Dutch, English, French, Americans, Luxembourgers,
All of them silent,
All of them looking at you day after day, forever and ever,
And not saying anything?
How will you feel, Adolf?

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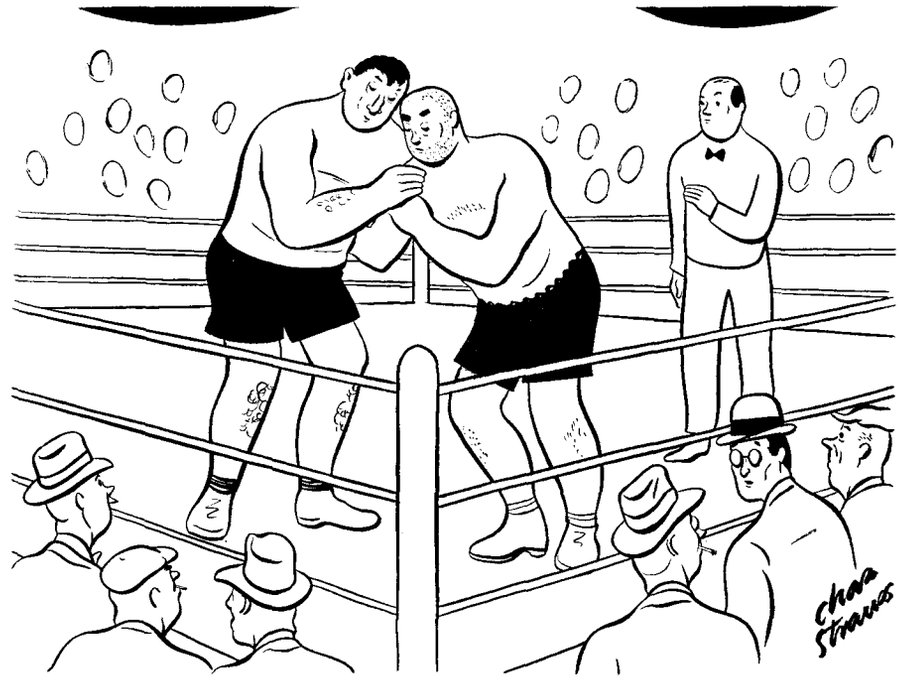
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

History and the Movies

SIR:—May I have the privilege of protesting in your columns against the travesty of history produced by Hollywood under the title "The Santa Fe Trail" in which Errol Flynn plays the role of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and Raymond Massey that of John Brown? It is the most complete misrepresentation of John Brown and of his actions in Kansas and of the Harper's Ferry raid which could well be imagined. More than that, it takes sides and is distinctly pro-slavery and hostile to John Brown, whom it begins by characterizing falsely as a continuous raider upon peaceful settlements. Then it leads off with a fight with the United States cavalry by John Brown and pictures Stuart in the hands of the Brown forces and rescued by the cavalry just in time to save him from being burned alive! The facts are that the cavalry never engaged Brown in any encounter, nor did Brown capture Stuart or any other regular officer. On the contrary, the cavalry captured two of Brown's sons, tortured them, drove them on foot twenty-five miles a day for nearly three days, chained together, and held one for months without any charge being preferred against him.

Only on one occasion did Brown run off any slaves and then when some who were about to be sold came to him begging for their liberation. But the movie gives us a barn full of Negroes rescued from Brown's clutches by the galloping cavalry. The cavalry don't stop there. When the Harper's Ferry raid comes, lo and behold, Stuart is in the East—not alone, as he was, but with his cavalry again. Once more Hollywood has to put on that familiar scene of a hundred movies—the cavalry galloping once more to triumph. What happened at Harper's Ferry was this: Col. Robert E. Lee took Stuart to Harper's Ferry with him as his aide, but the actual attack upon the engine-house was by a small company of United States Marines from the Washington Navy Yard led by Lt. Israel Green. Not one single regular soldier was present outside of Lee and Stuart. The engine-house instead of being a fort as portrayed in the "Santa Fe Trail," was a flimsy structure in which was kept a hand-drawn fire engine for the protection of the Harper's Ferry arsenal. It was not out in the country but right in the town, only sixty yards from the bridge over the Shenandoah and that across the Potomac. It stood near the Baltimore and Ohio railroad tracks. It was not surrounded by a large stonewall. Indeed the movie does not reproduce a single one of the scenes that actually took place. Only twelve Marines took part in the attack and they broke down the doors with a heavy ladder.



"That reminds me. Tomorrow I must get some book-ends."

The movie shows a large force of men within the fort opposing the cavalry. There were only eleven prisoners taken and the Marines lost but one man killed and one injured. Not only is the engine-house still standing on the grounds of Storer College at Harper's Ferry so that it could have been reproduced, but there are numerous contemporary sketches upon which Hollywood could have drawn if it had had the slightest desire to portray the actual facts. Had it done so it would have presented not the usual battle scene, but an extraordinarily moving and unusual happening. As Colonel Lewis Washington, one of John Brown's prisoners, said, Brown "was the coolest and firmest man I ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand and held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm and to sell their lives as dearly as they could." The mere historical portrayal of that scene would have been infinitely more thrilling than the travesty Hollywood has indulged in. In its distortion of history it has gone so far as to represent that Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War at the time of this raid, whereas it was John B. Floyd, Jefferson Davis having been out of the government for some years. Similarly the Hollywood historians made Custer and Longstreet classmates of Stuart's, although actually they were years apart, and cooked up a love affair between Custer and Davis's daughter who was not even existent at that time.

John Brown was no saint and he was responsible for what is known as the murders on the Pottowattomie. None the less he was a great and historic figure and deserves to have the whole truth told about him. It is certainly a great pity, especially when we are making history at the rate that we are, that millions of Americans should be utterly misinformed and misled as to a man of whom William Dean Howells said that he and Lincoln were the only two great, dramatic figures in American history. Mr. Massey has done some good and telling acting in the role of John Brown. Still it is again a misfortune that his fine talents should be utilized in a play that pretends to picture the final scenes in the life of a man whose death inspired within two years the great marching hosts of the army in blue, but actually falsifies practically everything pertaining to the Harper's Ferry raider save his death upon the scaffold.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.
New York City.

Geographical Error

SIR:—We have read with interest and appreciation Carl Rollins's review of "Hagia Sofia," by Emerson Howland Swift, which appeared in the January 25 issue of *The Saturday Review*, We are reluctant to look a gift horse in the mouth, but there was one statement we would like to call to your attention. Mr. Rollins refers to the author as a "Princeton scholar." Mr. Swift is Associate Professor of Fine Arts here at Columbia.

FON W. BOARDMAN, JR.
Columbia University Press,
New York City.

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Author, Author!

Christina Stead ("The Man Who Loved Children") has one of the most trenchant and sceptical minds among modern novelists, but for some reason she is superstitious about the number 9. For example, she manages never to call on people whose address is 108, because the digits will add up to 9, nor will she visit people who live on 54th Street or 45th Street, for the same reason. Perhaps she has never realized that her publishers' offices are on the 9th floor of their building.

George Palmer Putnam, publisher and husband of the late Amelia Earhart, is writing his memoirs in his new mountain-top house in California. The house is named "Shangri-Putnam."

P. G. Wodehouse is now doing his writing in a padded cell. The humorist has not lost his mind—far from it. It happens that he is interned in Germany, along with some 1,000 other British civilians, in what used to be a lunatic asylum. For the past few months the Nazis have allowed him a small private room, formerly the padded retreat of violent lunatics, to work on his new novel. The author shares a long dormitory, fitted with double-decker bunks, with 60 other internees. Wodehouse novels from the camp library help the prisoners pass the time. (The Wodehouse stories, in the Tauschnitz editions familiar to all tourists, used to be enormously popular in Germany—because they were thought to present accurate pictures of upper-class English life!) A number of English writers are planning to cooperate in sending Mr. Wodehouse a monthly letter. If the scheme works the authors will get some perhaps much-needed practice in condensation, because letters to internees are limited to one side of one page.

Leo Prosser, author of many radio scripts and brother of the famous Monte Prosser of The Beachcomber, pricked up his ears on a bus the other morning when the two ladies in front of him began discussing the ASCAP-BMI music war on the radio. "I don't care," one of them said, "what I really like is that good old Aztec music."

Reports came at the end of January of the safety of *E. Phillips Oppenheim,* who arrived in London after losing first his house in Guernsey and then his villa at Cannes; and *Norman Douglas,* who was reported missing on the Continent but got into Switzerland and finally to Portugal which he left for an unannounced destination.

Archibald MacLeish, poet, Librarian of Congress and this year's Honorary Chancellor of Union College, will head the United States delegation to the Inter-American Writers' Conference to be held at the University of Puerto Rico from April 14th to April 24th.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

Here's a new variety of a popular parlor game. Listed below are twenty questions that have been asked by twenty famous poets. You don't have to give the answers; just name the poets. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 16.

1. What is so rare as a day in June?
2. O Wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
3. Whither, midst falling dew . . . dost thou pursue thy solitary way?
4. Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
5. If I can rid your town of rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?
6. How do you like to go up in a swing, up in the air so blue?
7. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
8. What immortal hand or eye dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
9. O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice?
10. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
11. How doth the busy little bee improve each shining hour?
12. Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay that was built in such a logical way it ran a hundred years to a day?
13. Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
14. Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
15. Can storied urn or animated bust back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
16. When lovely woman stoops to folly, and finds too late that men betray, what charm can soothe her melancholy?
17. If she think not well of me, what care I how fair she be?
18. The night is chill, the forest bare; is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
19. What inn is this where for the night peculiar traveler comes?
20. Cats may have had their goose cooked by tobacco juice; still why deny its use thoughtfully taken?

Slavery Misnamed

SHARECROPPERS ALL. By Arthur Raper and Ira De A. Reid. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1941. 281 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THE sharecropper is emotionally a long way off in these days. Albania often seems a good deal closer than Arkansas. At such a time Arthur Raper and Ira Reid may lack the audience their book deserves for their insistence that in America today, all of us, North as well as South, in this democratic land are caught in a system which only exposes the sharecropper as the grisliest evidence of its tragedy.

In terms of the modern South, they have written a very disturbing American book. Eight years after the beginning of the New Deal and two and a half years after the President called the country's attention to the South, these two native students of the region write in sympathy with the New Deal's good intentions and in agreement with Roosevelt's feeling in 1938 that the South was the first economic problem of the country. They would extend and improve most of his programs. The purpose of their book, indeed, is a plea for a new dynamic and intelligent dealing with a land exploited and a people coerced to extents unprofitable to all. But the feeling about the national administration's more abundant life plans which the book conveys is that expressed in it by a Negro farmer. "The New Deal? It's done been by here!"

—and left the condition of the lower masses, white and black, hardly improved in a region where 11,000,000 people still belong to families with cash incomes of less than $250 a year.

A good many things in "Sharecroppers All" are not pleasant to regard now when we have other things on our hearts. Some aspects of the pleasant, lullaby South are not stressed. There is more humanitarianism in the book than humor, though humor is not lacking nor the grim poetry of the great house crumbling on the old plantation above the ineffectual labors of little men. There is a sense of people in its statistics and of America in the tragedy which is the sum of them. The book is an honest American picture which deserves remembrance at a time when people talk eloquently in cities about democracy and its worth and meaning in the world. The sad thing is that this book is not Hitler's propaganda. This is home.

Jonathan Daniels is the author of "A Southerner Discovers the South."

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Middle-Age and John Ogilvie

WEST TO NORTH. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1941. 404 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THIS, the penultimate volume of "The Four Winds of Love," deals (as did its predecessor, "The West Wind of Love," of which it was originally a part) with the early post-war years: when heroes became ex-soldiers, and statesmen declined into politicians, and nations surrounded themselves with broken promises, like the bottle tops on a garden wall. It was a period of disintegration and some of the disintegration seems to have communicated itself to this book. This is hardly surprising, for the period 1918-1922 scarcely lends itself to story-telling. One catastrophe was over, others were beginning. The novel, like the times which it describes, is in a state of suspension. The various characters make beginnings but rarely arrive at definite conclusions.

Then, too, this is a novel about the approach of middle age, a period in life which both Mr. Mackenzie and his hero try to confront with dignity, but of which I think they secretly disapprove. Certainly, middle age does not become John Ogilvie; for he is a romantic, and there resides in his soul a gifted adolescent whom he has never quite outgrown. His devotion to lost causes, no longer enforced by the vivid impulse of his youth, seems a little foolish at times and at times a little pompous. Moreover, though he is by no means the "old school tie" kind of Public School man, one can detect in his thinking the undying influence of the Sixth Form. Only the fact that he is a widely read and a well informed man saves him from absurdity. And as the novel wanders, now in a desultory, now in a dynamic way through the post-war woes of Ireland and England and Italy and Greece, it is apparent that the other characters are suffering from the double effect of the times they live in and of John Ogilvie's approach to middle age.

And yet it is not the human beings who ultimately decide the fate of this work. The real hero of "The Four Winds of Love" is history. It is, no doubt, wrong to give history a teleological role; but it must be remembered that in Mr. Mackenzie's work history is not a dictator. It is merely a chronicler, with a vigorous narrative gift, and an intermittent desire to preach a sermon. In this novel, though it is caught in the sluggish aftermath of war, full of treacheries and disillusions, it shows an inexhaustible vitality.

And this can only be explained by the fact that Mr. Mackenzie has a marvellous memory and an impeccable ear. Though he has a wide acquaintance with politics, he is not a political, still less a philosophical novelist. History to him is a muse not a scientist. He deals in emotions and notions, rather than in ideas. But he has reconstructed the furniture and revived the very intonations of a period more antique than antiquity—the period just preceding our own. That is why it is no exaggeration to call these volumes an important work.

Compton Mackenzie

Nazis on the Veldt

THE DARK GODS. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

SOUTH AFRICA has an able interpreter in Mrs. Millin. Not only does she know her country, its ambitious crust of Europeans and the vast agglomeration of its natives, much as a mother knows her children, but she has also the power and the art to create out of that knowledge novels that are remarkably terse and vivid. She is, first of all, a natural story-teller, one who needs neither melodrama nor sentimentality to lend color to a narrative. The bare bones of a story are enough. On them she can build triumphantly the kind of tale that goes straight to men's hearts. The subtle approach of a Conrad, the heightened sensitivity of a Proust, would be foreign to the directness of her method. This is not to imply that she is superficial. By the selection of telling detail, by deft concentration upon the ultimately significant, she goes deep into the sources of the spiritual unrest that lies at the root of African life. She understands, even as she deplores, the emotional turmoil that is there: the two European races, Boer and English, living together in apparent harmony but profoundly suspicious each of the other, and, beneath them, the ill-used natives, fixtures in the landscape, half-civilized, half primitive, incapable of adjusting themselves to new and badly devised standards, innocent, proud, unhappy, inarticulate.

Mrs. Millin has faced their problems before in many novels, notably in "God's Stepchildren," which, laid in the Africa of more than a century ago, touched the beginnings of the evils that have continued to flourish. She has, however, never written more heroically, more cogently, than in this new novel which presents the Africa of today, with its old griefs unassuaged, with a new and insidious menace fanning the flames of ancient strife to a more destructive heat. The infiltration of Nazi agents in the guise of missionaries who bring with them a new god and a new cross, is the catalyst that precipitates new seethings. The dispossessed are always susceptible to promises; natives, in their innocence, are led into believing that Adolf Hitler is a god.

This is the story of the Bagamidri, an almost completely self-sufficient tribe that has its reserve on the borders of what was once German Southwest Africa. Its chief has died, leaving behind him many sons. The heir, the only son with a royal mother, is a child, and for many years his eldest brother has ruled as regent. Still another brother is a romantic idealist who, more educated than his kinsmen, dreams of a great African Empire for the Africans such as his imagination envisions in that of Prester John. The regent, as his royal brother approaches manhood, fears the loss of his position, and appeals to the tribal witch-doctor for a medicine that will continue his power.

It is a chronicle of failure, such moral failure as Hitler has come to rely upon in his enemies. It is not complete, however, even among the Bagamidri. Some among them have not lost their simple sense of those values which the sophisticated might do well to cultivate. But Mrs. Millin is not, except by implication, a moralist. She is a novelist whose characters are the blood, toil, tears, and sweat of the veldt.

Open this folded page and you will see the first three-page book advertising spread to appear in any national magazine.

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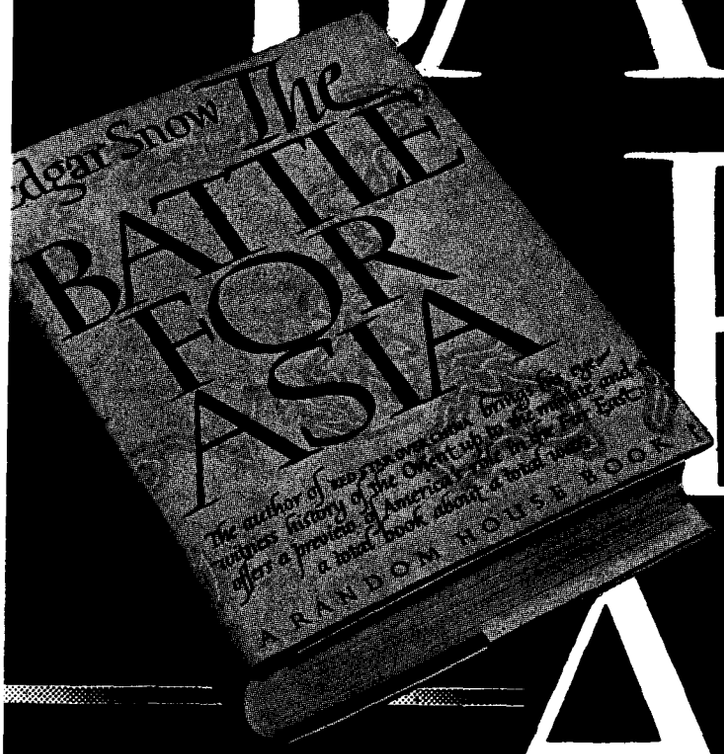

The Saturday Review MARCH

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industrial cooperatives that have become the famous Indusco Line, China's main line of defense.

Though Snow is sympathetic to the cause of China, he is not blinded by that sympathy, nor led to soften his judgments. When he uncovers rascality, stupidity, hypocrisy, he speaks out against it quite bluntly.

He tells of the strange paradox of fat credits and lean victories, of how Uncle Sam's well-meant $50,000,000, placed in the wrong hands, injured the very cause it was supposed to help.

He tells of Japan's errors, those hideous blunders in military, naval and political strategy that will win the war for China, *if the war lasts long enough.*

He tells of the many ways in which the unchanging Chinese are changing, and of how they have proved that democracy can outfight dictatorship.

He tells of *Chu Teh,* Commander of all Communist troops, who is reputed to have the kindliness of *Lee,* the tenacity of *Grant,* the humility of *Lincoln.* He tells of jolly, homely *Mao Tse-tung,* the Red prophet who conceived the guerrilla tactics, and of aloof and greatly troubled *Chiang Kai-shek* whose advisers he still distrusts no less than he did in 1937.

He tells of the amazing College of Amazons, the University in caves.

America's Role in the Pacific

He tells of fantastic battles, amazing incidents, great migrations, the guerrilla strategy that hamstrings Japan's mightiest offensives, the bloody rape of Nanking, the truth about Hong Kong and the Burma Road, China's relations with Russia, with England and with the Axis, and the role the United States must play in the Far East *before it is too late!* He warns, moreover, that the day of decision is nearer than most people think, and that a show of force is not our only means of meeting this crisis. He offers, finally, a dynamic strategy for the United States to follow.

This thrilling story of the past three years in China is one of the most exciting and significant books of modern times. Read below what critics are saying:

WHAT OTHERS SAY:

VIRGINIA KIRKUS: "A tribute to the undying spirit of a great people . . . readable, challenging, informative."

THE NATION: "In many respects it is more notable than his *Red Star Over China.* It presents not only the birth of a dynamic, new political movement but also the rebirth of a great and ancient people. If this book receives half the attention it deserves, it should help us greatly in recognizing our true interests in Asia."

LEWIS GANNETT: "He gives a gruesomely vivid picture of the rape—rape is the word for it—of Nanking. When the Japanese reached the Chinese capital they indulged in a literal orgy which makes all the atrocity stories coming out of two European wars seem mild."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

STERLING NORTH: "Edgar Snow, like Marco Polo, scooped the world on China with his *Red Star Over China.* Now he brings the story up to date. In this book, however, he achieves a larger perspective."—*Chicago News*

Something about THE AUTHOR

EDGAR SNOW is chief correspondent in the Far East for the DAILY HERALD, *the largest newspaper in the British Empire. He was born in Missouri in 1905. His first newspaper job was with the* KANSAS CITY STAR; *his next with the* NEW YORK SUN. *He has been in the Orient for thirteen years, and understands the situation better, probably, than any other foreign correspondent alive today. He was the first person, Chinese or foreign, to visit and write about China's Red Army; "Red Star Over China" was a best-seller in both America and England.*

431 pages, illustrated, with maps, indexed, $3.75

The BATTLE FOR ASIA

by Edgar Snow

RANDOM HOUSE
20 East 57 Street, New York

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Records of A Vanished Way of Life

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

"THE History of the Agricultural Press in the United States," in the pregnant years before the Civil War, recalls one feature of a life which has completely vanished. In a mechanically-minded commercial society, farming, as a way of life, interests only a small fraction of the population; but between 1819 and 1860, the period covered by this book, four-fifths of the people of the United States lived by agriculture. I suspect that few Yale graduates know that Yale had, as late as 1896, a Professor of Agricultural Chemistry. The "trade papers" of the farmers (forming a very large percentage of the weekly and monthly magazines of the time) were widely read and had great influence in political and cultural thinking, as well as in the narrower field of farming. Hence some account of this specialized press is well worth doing.

Professor Demaree, of Dartmouth College, has done his job in a workmanlike and entertaining manner. Based on an extended (and, I suspect, pleasurable) study of these agricultural publications, the author's arrangement is logical. There are three major divisions of the book: the first treats, in a general survey, of the agricultural press between 1819 and 1860; the second consists of twenty-eight selections from the journals, to show the diversity and inclusiveness of their contents; the third examines sixteen farm papers with some particularity. A dozen illustrations, a lengthy list of sources, and an index round out the volume.

The first agricultural journal in the United States was the *Agricultural Museum,* published in Baltimore from 1810-1812. But the *American Farmer,* also published at Baltimore from 1819 to 1834, was the pioneer and model of the American farm journals. Its editor, John Stuart Skinner, though born on a Maryland farm, was active in public affairs as well as a conscientious and intelligent editor. His quarto journal of eight pages, weekly, was a general farm paper; and he enlisted Jefferson, Madison, Clay, Timothy Pickering, and other well-known men as contributors.

The various phases of magazine publishing devoted to agriculture are amply treated—the editors, editorial policies, advertising, etc. Probably only the religious magazines reached so wide a clientele and had so much influence, while the editors of the metropolitan newspapers, men like Greeley, were farm-born and maintained their interest in agriculture.

The twenty-eight selected articles from the farm papers are too rich a field to sample here. The subjects treated in the columns of the press include not only soil fertility and animal husbandry, but rural architecture, agricultural education, "The moral culture of slaves," notes on travel, "Ladies' Departments," and the humbugs and frauds practised on the farmer. A typical farm household with its "little store of books and pamphlets, scarse a score" found in its favorite farm papers a not inconsiderable amount of entertaining and pertinent reading matter.

All sections of the country had their farm journals: *The Prairie Farmer,* established at Chicago in 1840, *The Southern Planter,* Richmond 1841, *The American Agriculturist,* New York 1841, and *The Country Gentleman,* Albany 1853, are still published, and vigorously promoting interests of the farmer. They have been in the forefront of all progressive agricultural movements.

Professor Demaree's book has been published by the Columbia University Press without special distinction of format, but the *Compleat Collector* is not exclusively concerned with the physical aspect of books!

THE Grabhorn Press of San Francisco, to which we owe many fine volumes—not least of which is the recently published "Bibliography" to be noted at length later—has issued a large folio edition of twenty reproductions of the political cartoons of Honoré Daumier. To select twenty pictures from the work of a man who had made two hundred paintings, three hundred drawings, and nearly four thousand lithographs in the course of his busy life may seem to be doing him less than justice; but these lithographs are proof that he believed in his dictum "Il faut être de son temps."

Miss Ynez Ghiradelli has written of Daumier's life and work, and of the significance of the cartoons, ten of which preceded and ten followed the Revolution of 1848. Political cartoons require, for their full understanding, an intimate knowledge of current politics; when one considers the intricacies of French politics, all the light which can be shed in introductory text is welcome. But in fact these lithographs do not depend for their value on their topical significance. They are examples of the work of a very competent French draftsman, one of the great delineators of nineteenth-century life.

For the reason that they are worth reproducing, they have been given generous, almost sumptuous, format: the plates are in collotype, and they and the accompanying text have been printed on hand made paper as a large folio. Decorative initials and rubricated headings add to the impressiveness of the volume. The edition is limited to two hundred and fifty copies.

THE American Neptune is a new quarterly issued from Salem where the Peabody Museum keeps alive the interest in maritime affairs which are so large a part of the history of Essex County in Massachusetts. It is a well-printed magazine—though a bit chilly in typography—set in an ample size of Baskerville type, and illustrated with half-tone pictures and line drawings.

* * *

New Directions issues "Koheleth: The Book of Ecclesiastes," printed by the Walpole Printing Office, and illustrated with most extraordinary pictures by Emlen Etting. These might have been done in wire as easily as in pen and ink, and have the appearance of going in *all* directions.

"The American Agricultural Press 1819-1860." By Albert L. Demaree. Columbia University Press. 1941.

"The Artist H. Daumier, Interpreter of History." By Ynez Ghiradelli. San Francisco. Grabhorn Press. 1940. $15.

"The American Neptune, Salem," The Peabody Museum. Quarterly. $5 a year.

"Koheleth: The Book of Ecclesiastes." Norfolk, Conn., New Directions.

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WATSON WAS A WOMAN

(*Continued from page 4*)

are looking for is not her characteristics or the facts of her life, but her *name*, that is to say, her *title;* so obviously the place to look is in the *titles* of the tales.

There are sixty of the tales all told. The first step is to set them down in chronological order, and number them from 1 to 60. Now, which shall we take first? Evidently the reason why Watson was at such pains to conceal her name in this clutter of titles was to *mystify* us, so the number to start with should be the most *mystical* number, namely seven. And to make it doubly sure, we shall make it seven times seven, which is 49. Very well. The 49th tale is "The Adventure of the Illustrious Client." We of course discard the first four words, "The Adventure of the," which are repeated in most of the titles. Result: "ILLUSTRIOUS CLIENT."

The next most significant thing about Watson is her (his) constant effort to convince us that those things happened exactly as she (he) tells them; that they are on the *square.* Good. The first square of an integer is the integer 4. We take the title of the 4th tale and get "RED-HEADED LEAGUE."

We proceed to elimination. Of all the factors that contribute to an ordinary man's success, which one did Holmes invariably exclude, or eliminate? Luck. In crap-shooting, what are the lucky numbers? Seven and eleven. But we have already used 7, which eliminates it, so there is nothing left but 11. The 11th tale is about the "ENGINEER'S THUMB."

Next, what was Holmes's age at the time he moved to Baker Street? Twenty-seven. The 27th tale is the adventure of the "NORWOOD BUILDER." And what was Watson's age? Twenty-six. The 26th tale is the adventure of the "EMPTY HOUSE." But there is no need to belabor the obvious. Just as it is a simple matter to decipher the code of the Dancing Men when Holmes has once put you on the right track, so can you, for yourself, make the additional required selections now that I have explained the method. And you will inevitably get what I got:

Illustrious Client
Red-headed League
Engineer's Thumb
Norwood Builder
Empty House

Wisteria Lodge
Abbey Grange
Twisted Lip
Study in Scarlet
Orange Pips
Noble Bachelor

And, acrostically simple, the initial letters read down, the carefully hidden secret is ours. Her name was Irene Watson.

But not so fast. Is there any way of checking that? Of discovering her name by any other method, say *a priori*? We can try and see. A woman wrote the stories about Sherlock Holmes, that has been demonstrated; and that woman was his wife. Does there appear, anywhere in the stories, a woman whom Holmes fell for? Whom he really cottoned to? Indeed there does. "A Scandal in Bohemia" opens like this:

> To Sherlock Holmes she is always *the* woman. . . . In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex.

And what was the name of *the* woman? Irene!

But, you say, not Irene Watson, but Irene Adler. Certainly. Watson's whole purpose, from beginning to end, was to confuse and bewilder us regarding her identity. So note that name well. Adler. What is an adler, or, as it is commonly spelled, addler? An addler is one who, or that which, addles. Befuddles. Confuses. I admit I admire that stroke; it is worthy of Holmes himself. In the very act of deceiving and confusing us, she has the audacity to employ a name that brazenly announces her purpose!

An amusing corroborative detail about this Irene of "Scandal in Bohemia"—*the* woman to Holmes according to the narrator of the tales—is that Holmes was present at her wedding at the Church of St. Monica in the Edgeware Road. It is related that he was there as a witness, but that is pure poppycock. Holmes himself says, "I was half-dragged up to the altar, and before I knew where I was I found myself mumbling responses. . . ." Those are not the words of an indifferent witness, but of a reluctant, ensnared, bulldozed man—in short, a bridegroom. And in all the 1323 pages of the Sacred Writings, that is the only wedding we ever see—the only one, so far as we are told, that Holmes ever graced with his presence.

—From the "Original Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."
Mr. Holmes and his gasogene.

All this is very sketchy. I admit it. I am now collecting material for a fuller treatment of the subject, a complete demonstration of the evidence and the inevitable conclusion. It will fill two volumes, the second of which will consist of certain speculations regarding various concrete results of that long-continued and—I fear, alas—none-too-happy union. For instance, what of the parentage of Lord Peter Wimsey, who was born, I believe, around the turn of the century—about the time of the publication of "The Adventure of the Second Stain?" That will bear looking into.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 361)

B. DE VOTO*
MARK TWAIN IN ERUPTION

Public reading struggled along for a while in that curious and artless industry called Authors' Readings. When Providence had had enough of that kind of crime the Authors' Readings ceased from troubling and left the world at peace.

(*Editor)

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. James Russell Lowell: "The Vision of Sir Launfal."
2. Percy Bysshe Shelley: "Ode to the West Wind."
3. William Cullen Bryant: "To A Waterfowl."
4. Edwin Markham: "The Man with the Hoe."
5. Robert Browning: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."
6. Robert Louis Stevenson: "A Child's Garden of Verses."
7. William Shakespeare: "Sonnet XVIII."
8. William Blake: "The Tiger."
9. William Wordsworth: "To the Cuckoo."
10. Christopher Marlowe: "Doctor Faustus."
11. Isaac Watts: "Divine Songs."
12. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "The Deacon's Masterpiece."
13. Sir John Suckling: "Song from Aglaura."
14. John Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale."
15. Thomas Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."
16. Oliver Goldsmith: "The Vicar of Wakefield."
17. George Wither: "The Author's Resolution."
18. S. T. Coleridge: "Christabel."
19. Emily Dickinson: "What Inn Is This?"
20. C. S. Calverly: "Ode to Tobacco."

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An eyewitness account of an amazing chapter in modern history . . . exciting, revealing, prophetic.

A BOOK TO WARN AMERICA *BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!*

WHETHER or not America goes to war, and with whom, depends as much on what Japan does in Asia as on what Hitler, Stalin or Mussolini do elsewhere. What goes on in the Pacific is very much Uncle Sam's business, and a great deal threatens to pop *unless he does something about it.* What that "something" is, what it will cost and what it will accomplish, is of vital concern to every one of us. As each new day brings its storm of devastating headlines, one thing stands out: *our fate as a world power is linked to that of Japan.* That is why Americans want to know what is *really* happening in China, and what is *likely* to happen.

The Strangest War in History

Here are all the facts—the gory, gallant, weird, incredible and amusing details of the strangest war in history. Here also is something about the men and ideas behind this war, told by one of the best reporters of this or any day.

China Can Take It

In 1937, when he wrote *Red Star Over China,* Edgar Snow made the prediction (considered rash by many at the time) that *Japan cannot win.* Four years later, China fights on, its chance of ultimate victory vastly enhanced. Ragged, backward, miserably equipped, this China which was "not a state but a geographical expression" according to Tokyo, this China which Europeans contemptuously predicted could not last six months against the mechanized forces of Japan, is still standing up and taking it—long after the Austrians, the Czechs, the Belgians, the French, and the Finns have gone down to defeat.

Frantic Pursuit of a Dragon

China's dubious internal unity has withstood every crisis and shock, until now. New bases, far in the interior, were set up amidst incredible difficulties. The main Chinese forces have eluded the frantic Nipponese. The Dragon went down for the count several times after 1937, but has always gotten to his feet and come back for more. And licking of his wounds left him more certain than ever that Japan would never be able to strike the knockout blow. But now the most serious crisis of the undeclared war has arisen. The question is, can China stay united?

Edgar Snow has seen much and done much in his decade of wandering up and down the coast of China, his long and lonely travels far into the interior. And he is no mere observer. He can't sit still while history unrolls before him. He and his wife have had a hand in shaping some of the history they were later to record. They are responsible (with *Rewi Alley,* a lean, hook-nosed New Zealander who had once been the chief factory inspector in Shanghai) for organizing and developing China's vast "guerrilla industry,"—those

THE MAP ON THE LEFT shows the route followed by Edgar Snow in his various travels along the coast and into the interior of Eastern Asia. The trips started in 1928 and continued until last year. Mr. Snow and his wife are now in the United States enjoying a breathing spell.

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Please re-read DAVID L. COHN'S superb essay in SRL

By W. J. CASH

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How the South Thinks and Feels—and Why

"There is no important ideological or social factor affecting the life of the South which Mr. Cash has overlooked. He has brought to his task a deep knowledge of economics, genealogy, institutional history, psychology and law—and a constructive, historical imagination and a gift for fresh and lively phraseology. Highly readable and illuminating."—*New York Times Book Review.* $3.75

THIS IS HOW IT BEGINS

W. J. CASH, of Charlotte, North Carolina, has bravely attempted the stupendous task of analyzing the minds of the people of a vast area as they lived, thought, acted, and died in that area from colonial times to 1940. In his "The Mind of the South"* he concerns himself with the aristocracy, the Negro, the poor white, and the rising middle class. He undertakes to explain the origins of Southern extravagance, high flown rhetoric, brag, sentimentality, non-intellectuality, violence, *noblesse,* miscegenation; he discusses tariffs, freight rate differentials which run against the South, industry, cotton and tobacco agriculture, the Ku Klux Klan, demagogues, the climate, the Civil War, and—as inevitably as the war itself—"Gone with the Wind." He is no pale and precious essayist distilling the thin essence of a thin theory in polite language, but one who has taken an empire as his province and tears open its belly with strong hands to show us its inner workings.

THIS IS HOW IT ENDS

"Mr. Cash's undertaking has been one of great courage. His book merits wide reading and is a notable contribution to the literature of the subject."

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"What is precious in this book is the sense of suspended time, of fate riding hard on the heels of puny men, the awareness these men possess of danger and the need to capture what delight they can in the moments allowed them."—*Boston Transcript.* $2.75

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France and Finance

A HISTORY OF FRENCH COMMERCIAL POLICIES. By Frank Arnold Haight. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 285 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ

THE "History of French Commercial Policies" is, according to the editor's Preface, the first of a series of books which will give a comprehensive account of the tariff and commercial policies of the principal European powers. In keeping with this purpose, the author surveys three centuries of French commerce primarily in terms of France's foreign trade. Yet Mr. Haight, a graduate of the London School of Economics, anchors his study to a broad discussion of the political and social factors which shaped French trade policies.

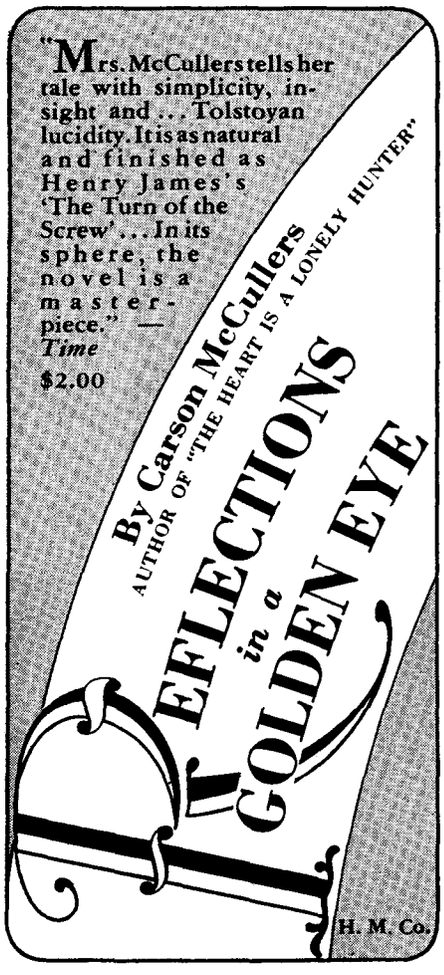
The bulk of the book is devoted to the period between the formal conclusion of peace in 1919 and the outbreak of the second World War, September, 1939. Mr. Haight deals exhaustively with France's losing struggle to regain her share in world trade and with her defensive measures against the encroachments of the Great Depression which, in 1931, had caught up with France in spite of the apparent strength of French finances.

The collapse of Central European economy, but notably the suspension of German exchange transfers, forced upon France an increasingly complicated system of clearing and payment agreements as sole effective means for enforcing the collection of debts owed to French banks and exporters. The devaluation of the English pound in 1931, and of the dollar, in 1935, placed France in a dilemma which balked her foreign trade and embittered her internal politics. Should France devalue her currency to the detriment of the French saving public, or should she maintain the gold parity of the *franc,* symbol of financial and social stability, but see herself undersold in the world markets?

Successive governments attempted to steer a middle course. By the mid-thirties an involved quota system had been devised for limiting French imports from those countries where currency devaluation and government subsidies unduly favored the exporter. By 1936, experiments in trade control were succeeded by experiments in devaluation by small doses, and the gold parity of the *franc* was "stabilized," every few months, at a lower level. Political uncertainties had, by then, largely off-set the dubious benefits, to French commerce from currency manipulation, and the French public had become thoroughly weary of economic experimentation. The quota system gave way to a policy of direct negotiation of new trade treaties, not unlike those sponsored under the Hull program, and shortly before the outbreak of the war, French commercial policies seemed to veer towards a gradual relaxation of administrative controls.

Mr. Haight's painstaking description of the manifold devices of French trade control is a valuable contribution to this department of economic science. Mr. Haight holds economic nationalism primarily responsible for the vicissitudes of world trade between two wars, and inclines to judge leniently French political leadership. He refrains, to the regret of this reader, from dealing with the basic defects of French economy. Could ever so ingenuous tariff policies and an ever so improbable return of the world to free trade have restored to competitive vigor an economy which had fallen out of step with the pace of the power age? Mr. Haight, who has written this book before the fall of the Third Republic, left this question unanswered.

Robert Strausz-Hupé, special lecturer at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of "Axis America."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By Carson McCullers
AUTHOR OF "THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER"
REFLECTIONS in a GOLDEN EYE
H. M. Co.

U.S. "Rights" in China

THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN'S NEW ORDER. By William C. Johnstone. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 392 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

DISCUSSIONS of Far Eastern policy in recent years have turned, more often than not, on the issue of American "rights and interests" in China. In debate this is a subject that easily lends itself to a loose and rambling treatment, with many windy digressions and scoring of "points." Dr. Johnstone puts it on a scientific basis, but happily in simple, clear language that smooths the layman's path.

What, after all, are our so-called "rights" in China? As Dr. Johnstone points out, they really consist of very concrete and specific legal provisions, mostly contained in treaties or agreements of various kinds. Usually they involve special privileges that constitute restrictions on Chinese sovereignty. Extraterritoriality, the Concessions and Settlements, coastal and inland navigation rights, maintenance of foreign armed forces on Chinese soil—all these are prominent in the legal rights of treaty powers in China. Then, as between the treaty powers themselves, there are the covenants of the Nine-Power Treaty, notably those referring to the "open door" and China's territorial and administrative integrity. These legal "rights" form a substructure on which has grown up a congeries of "interests"—in trade, in business enterprise, and in the missionary field.

Dr. Johnstone has given detailed and illuminating treatment to the essential aspects of our relation to Japan's "new order" in China. He presents a clarifying summary of the historical background, as well as first-hand data on the effects of Japan's recent activities on American trade, business, and missions. He considers the attitudes of Americans resident in China. In a concluding section, he also examines the broader problem of our Far Eastern policy in a world at war, and makes an interesting set of practical suggestions. He writes with moderation and restraint, offering a sound analysis of a problem which now has so vital a bearing on our immediate future.

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Bross Prize Winner

CHRISTIANITY: An Enquiry into Its Nature and Truth. By Harris Franklin Rall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 363 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

DR. RALL'S treatise won for him the Fiftieth Anniversary Bross Prize, the most handsome emolument to which a Protestant theologian can aspire. The book merits great praise. It is not a statement of basically new positions, nor does it have the penetrating brilliance and originality of insight which characterize the writing of men like Heiler and Barth, but as a judicious evaluation of the positions which Protestant belief has taken and may now take it has few rivals. The author has chosen from the immense amount of commentary those many treatises which have enduring significance; and then, by comparing, weighing, and drawing conclusions, he arrives at an intellectual pattern which may well be destined to remain for some time that of the more conservative groups in Protestantism.

Perhaps no one who reads the book will find it easy to state Dr. Rall's point of view in a few words. On the one hand, he is not an "authoritarian" or advocate of fixed dogmatic and philosophic positions to be held at all costs. On the other hand, the Christian teaching is one thing and not several—is fellowship and faith through which man is given what only God can give. Considerable evidence is amassed in a number of fields to establish this definition. But just how is acceptance of it to be secured for the Church, or how can the process of division into a multitude of groups be prevented? Dr. Rall pleads for a faith which is not so much a thing found and accepted as "the confident quest on which one sets forth."

The book is broad in scope. It defines religion and Christianity. There are sections concerning the approaches to faith and the modes in which it finds expression, and the ancient battleground of arguments for the validity of Theism is charted carefully. Critics of Christian belief—psychologists, scientists, historians—are studied with a highly commendable fairness and definiteness. Possibly, however, the best part of the discussion is the final chapter which has to do with good and evil in the world. Dr. Rall's style makes crooked lanes straight; and even those who cannot agree with his position will agree that it has been set forth eloquently and well.

The New Books

Biography

WHITTLING BOY. By Roger Burlingame. Harcourt, Brace. 1941. 370 *pp.* $3.

Out of the amazing career of Eli Whitney, whose cotton gin fixed slavery upon the South while his idea of interchangeable parts began the transformation of industry in the North, Roger Burlingame has made a pleasant tale but no story of the quality Whitney's career deserves. There is hardly any fiction in the book, Mr. Burlingame says. Most of the dialogue even is shaped from letters, diaries, and the like. Unfortunately, however, his method makes historical truth read like light fiction, but a fiction which leaves the reader impatient for more solid detail of history.

There is tremendous American drama in Whitney, the boy who remained a mechanic even though he went to Yale, who certainly fixed slavery with cotton on the South, and was instrumental in shaping the modern patterns of labor and industry. The consequences of Whitney's invention deserve the equal blame and praise given him by workingmen at his funeral as described by Mr. Burlingame. But this book about that dynamic man is almost a

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This fascinating book, which draws for its conclusions on situation and quotation from Petronius to Popeye, from Indian lore to Gertrude Stein, is of interest *not only to the general reader but also to the professional and would-be professional writer.* The general reader will meet with recollected characters on every page; and the writer, above all, will find much in Malcolmson's theories which he can apply directly to his own creative work.

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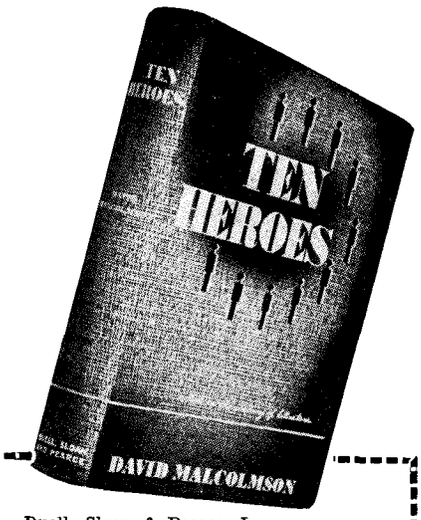

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juvenile for adults. Mr. Burlingame stresses the interruptions of romance in both Georgia and Connecticut by this Eli who preferred machines to women, poverty to comfort. The story of his life moves sweetly, sentimentally, to an almost incredibly dramatic White House scene in which both John Adams and Thomas Jefferson take the master mechanic's part against the dogmatic military men. Unfortunately, no real sense of the power loosed by Whitney's mind emerges from the book.

J. D.

HUDSON VALLEY SQUIRE. By C. Blackburn Miller. Stokes. 1941. 340 *pp.* $2.75.

One of the things we remember about Clarence Day's father (or Father) is an impression of magnificent isolation, a lion raging among light-headed females and frivolous boys. Such was apparently an unnecessary impression, for we hear now of another Father. There must have been a whole generation of these formidable fathers. Surely Mr. Miller's father knew the elder Day; justice demands it, for blood brothers could not be more alike in social status, habits, and temperament. Miller, père, is the hero of this book and prances through it, as mettlesome as one of his racers, as pugnacious as one of his fighting cocks. He had that sure knowledge of the gentleman's privileges which enabled him to put up his dukes, down his liquor, compete in all sorts of contests, and never lose caste. Always he was the conquering and lordly squire of Hudson Valley, easy, sure, self-disciplined, and impatient of weakness. His son has centered this lively portrait against a scarcely less lively fabric of the customs of that day of squirearchy. Perhaps one of the book's greatest charms is its nostalgic recall of that vanished atmosphere of careless confidence and security. It is only fifty years past, yet how thoroughly past and gone.

N. L. R.

JUST PUBLISHED!

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THIS is the first novel by an American to come out of the present war in Europe. It is based on the author's experiences as an ambulance driver in Finland during that country's last-ditch stand against Russia, and as an officer in the Polish Division of the French Army.

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FAR FROM HOME

A Novel by Robert H. Newman

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Fiction

THE CARRINGTON INCIDENT. By Niven Busch. Morrow. 1941. 283 *pp.* $2.50.

A thriller is generally composed of certain proportions of shock and unreality. It will give you the experience of danger, even death, plus the familiar assurance that this is all a tale, a little flyer away from the comfortable here and now. But Mr. Busch has a thriller here with the insulation removed. His horror novel—it is that—is made of the stuff of now, if not precisely here. The fictitious names are like the sheerest of tissue. We know them all and we recognize the whole pattern, something we have been living with for too long. Mr. Busch, who sharpened his pen on so many of those trenchant profiles in the *New Yorker* and *Time,* does some of his keenest profiling here: of a tortured, neurotic Leader, a beefy, sadistic, worldly General, a little, sleek, demoniacal Minister of Propaganda. Miss Carrington, of course, is as fictitious as the incident which gives this tale its name, but fictitious only because neither she nor her experience has ever actually been recorded. She seems just as real and plausible as, let us say, one of the American dancers, names now forgotten, who once pleased a certain dictator. The fabric of her career, from her invitation to tea with the Leader, to her betrayal by the Minister, to her experience in the concentration camp, has the rough, actual feel of life in it. Mr. Busch has given it a thoroughly objective treatment; no editorializing, no agonizing, but a calm and relentless narrative with absolutely no nouns or adjectives barred. This is going to be a hard book for anybody to put down.

N. L. R.

LIKE A RIVER FLOWING. By Ida L. Moore. Doubleday, Doran. 1941. 388 *pp.* $2.50.

Caroline Grist was past eighty when she died serenely confident that she and her John would be reunited. They had lived long together and shared many joys, hardships, sorrows, and accomplishments. Children, grand-children, friends, loved Caroline because of her kindness and her strength. The Grists had come by wagon from Virginia to the North Carolina mountains. They were young. Their first baby died before they reached a friendly cabin. And though they had planned to settle in the Tuckaseegee country, they stayed in Barlow's Cove near the baby's grave. At first Caroline was desperate with homesickness and grief, but time

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passed, four other children were born, and grew up, strong and worthy. Caroline without being a busybody took a hand in the life of the community, she befriended old Molly who was thought to be a witch, she did some quiet matchmaking, she helped neighbor women have their babies, and as the years moved on became a person beloved and of trusted importance.

After the Civil War the face of Barlow's Cove changed. The railroad came and with it industry. The Grists went on, adding to their original cabin, watching their children mature. The latter part of the novel covers a great deal of ground in so short a space that its genuinely interesting background is confusing compared to the picture of pioneer life with which the story opens. Miss Moore obviously knows the period, the meaty speech, the superstitions, and the habits of a simple, sturdy people. The fault of "Like a River Flowing" lies, in the author's attempt to tell all of a story. It is spread out too thin, and there are too many tributaries to the river. All the same it is an excellent piece of writing. It is Miss Moore's first novel. With more experience she will of course become more selective.

R. L.

SWEEPSTAKES. By Emily Greenaway. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1941. 220 *pp.* $2.

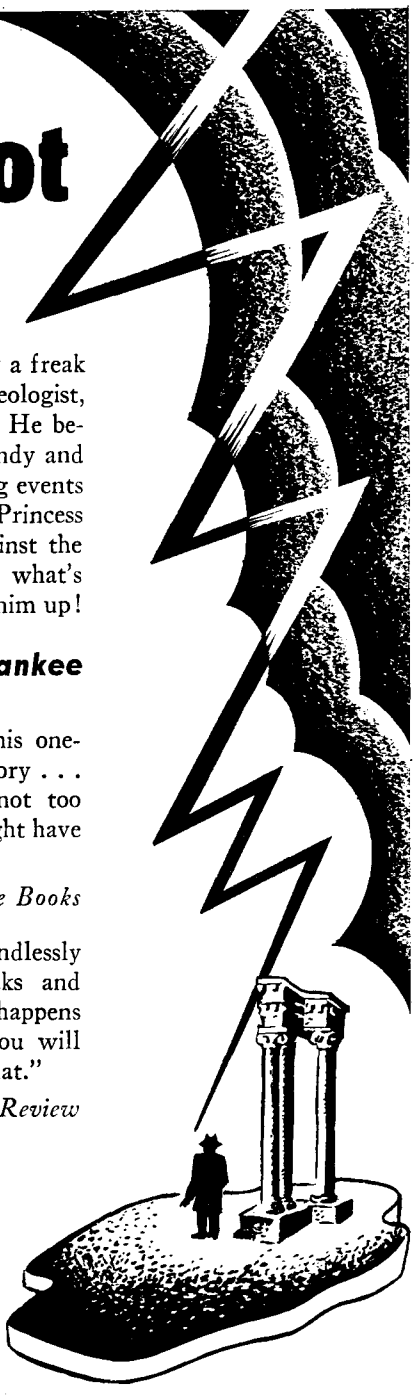
There are many engaging things about this book, moments of humor and some drama and even a little feeling, which is too often calculated, but on the whole, one can't see the cogs for the machinery. It is a "pattern" novel and the pattern rears its sleekly engineered head in season and out and interferes with any developing impressions or interest one may have in the characters and their problems.

The setting is some place in the Yankee kingdom, lower New England or upper New York, where chain stores and approved agents for gasolines and automobiles divide their time between rigid decencies and furtive indecencies and unapproved peculations. Ten sweepstakes tickets are purchased by various citizens of the town, all with the excuse that the price is small and who can tell? But each has ideas of what to do with his $50,000, and the lives are conservatively affected by the anticipations.

The result is predicted in the first chapter; by the time the drawings are held things have taken their normal courses and the man who wins one of the smaller prizes doesn't know exactly what to do with it. It is impossible to keep any continuous thread of suspense in so many stories, except the mild interest in where some possible prize may fall, and none of the separate stories have enough strength to carry the book. The scheme is interesting but there is too much scheme.

P. S.

What a spot to be in!



THROWN back to the sixth century by a freak thunderbolt, Martin Padway, archaeologist, has to change history to save his own skin. He begins by teaching the Romans all about brandy and bookkeeping, has the time of his life making events behave as he wants them to (especially Princess Mathaswentha), and finally comes up against the great Belisarius—who has *his* ideas about what's going to happen next, and an army to back him up!

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

FROM an old illustrated primer of etiquette for children, "The School of Good Manners," by the author (anon) of "Little Ditties for Little Children," New York, published by Samuel Wood and Sons, No. 261 Pearl Street, (circa 1820-30):

Writhe not your limbs in every shape
Of awkward gesture, like an ape
Nor twirl your hands, nor hit your toes,
Nor hum a tune, nor pick your nose.
Nor keep in motion as you sit,
Nor on the floor or carpet spit—
But in the fire with prudent care.
And when you blow your nose be brief,
And neatly use your handkerchief.

☞Letter from England; Sir Cecil Thomas Carr to Charles G. Proffitt, Associate Director of Columbia University Press:

. . . I recently had a good talk with your friend Sir Humphrey Milford, who sent his very best respects to you and Mr. Coykendall (as, I needn't tell you, I do myself): I thought H.M. was looking years younger and miles fitter than when I saw him last: he's had a nasty illness in 1940 (anaemia, I think): but there's some new drug that is a great remedy. He'd just been down to the City of London (he lives at Oxford now, himself) to look at the heart-breaking and utterly wanton damage that the bombs and fires have lately done there (about the time of your President's most heartening Fireside Chat, when some of our cynics on the fire engines were saying we had the fireside over here). By some miracle the Oxford Press buildings at Amen House have been preserved, a little oasis in the surrounding desert. Many other publishers' premises and stocks were destroyed, as doubtless you know,—Longman's, and others, all very tragic and beastly. But the bombs, even so, are better there than falling on battleships. Books seem to be keeping up their value (perhaps helped by the exemption from the purchase tax): I am told the booksellers' only complaint is the difficulty of replenishing their shelves.

★ ★

☞Sidney Cox, Professor of English at Dartmouth College, will hold a seminar of "Summer Conversations on Writing" at Hanover, N. H., during the six weeks from July 9 to August 16. The group will be small, selected on a basis of specimens of writing, not in excess of 5,000 words, submitted by June 1. The plan is for morning meetings at which members' work will be read, and a full and free conversation carried on about whatever matters occur, technical or otherwise. The fee for the six weeks, instruction only, $50. An example of Professor Cox's candor and sincerity is the postscript of his announcement: "Hanover is usually a delightful place in summer, but sunshine and warmth cannot be guaranteed."

★ ★

☞Dr. V. Royce West, of the University of Omaha, is convinced that André Maurois, the French historian, has a taste for diversified reading. Before leaving Omaha, Maurois selected a few items for reading on the

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BEYOND REASONABLE DOUBT *Richard Hull* (Messner: $2.)	Cyanide in snuff settles hash of irritating Briton. Story ingeniously combines court-room procedure and actual sleuthing.	Method should interest serious students of crime fiction. Fenby is painstaking detective, and ending has neatly ironic touch.	For connoisseurs
THE PATRIOTIC MURDERS *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	H. Poirot's oral cavities plugged by English dentist, who is also plugged—with fatal bullet. Two more murders increase Hercule's labors.	Crafty killer doesn't reckon with sharp eyes of Belgian sleuth. Puzzle capitally handled—although Poirot holds back some important info.	Admirable
DANGEROUS WATER *Whitman Chambers* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Search for long missing heirs to millions leads young lawyer to remote spot in Bahamas where things begin to pop.	No killings, but plenty of skulduggery, good seascapes, pleasantly palpitating romance, and some well drawn characters.	Breezy
I WOKE UP SCREAMING *Steve Fisher* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Lovely Hollywood lassie murderously bopped. Relentless sleuth dogs suspect scenarist's steps 'til latter in desperation solves sordid crime.	Lurid lowdown on studio intrigues. Killing is open-and-shut affair. Realism rife in lingo and descriptions. Good writing wasted.	Feverish
THE CASE OF THE HAUNTED HUSBAND *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Solution of two slayings in Los Angeles hotel nearly jugs Perry Mason, skating dexterously on fragile legal ice.	Artful dodging and slick deduction, along with customarily crisp Mason dialogue and hurry-up action rank this with best of series.	Full marks

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train. Among these were two books, *Marius the Epicurean,* by Walter Pater, *Parnassus,* Christopher Morley's story of an ambulatory book shop in New England; three magazines, *Esquire, Collier's* and the *New Yorker,* and a copy of the *Morning World-Herald.* He also asked the university to forward to Mrs. Maurois in New York a book that he had finished reading. It was *The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson,* by Sarah Randolph.

★ ★

☞Mary Cooley, of Trenton, N. J., writes: "The P. E. G. Quercus Associates probably chose 'the book that didn't have the audience it deserved' thoughtfully and correctly. I, for one, knew nothing of the book and am grateful for the tip. ('Who Walk Alone,' by Perry Burgess; chosen several weeks later by The American Booksellers' Association as 'The booksellers' discovery of the year.') But do they know of 'And Beacons Burn Again,' a slender collection of wartime letters from Henry Jesson to Leighton Rollins? Jesson worked at the Rollins Studio of Acting at East Hampton until about a year and a half ago when he returned to England to enter the army. His letters are magnificent. They show a sensitive and exuberant young lover of peace meeting the baffling issues of war in an exceptionally clear-headed and far-sighted way. They are reminiscent of Keats's letters in their revelation of integrity and spiritual poise. Untainted by sentimentality and enhanced by humor, they tell us, among other things, how to handle our peace in the best interests of 'the creative way of life.' Perhaps the Associates know all about the book. But not once have I seen its name in print and nowhere have I chanced on anyone who knew it. Please read it right away."

★ ★

☞We were re-reading C. E. Montague's *A Writer's Notes on His Trade,* still one of the ablest and most civilized books on writing; and came upon the exemplary story in the chapter, "Only too Clear":

"To relieve the lack of pence, which so often vexes first-rate men, a friend of my youth, a waterman on the Thames, used to dive into the river from Richmind Bridge, for gain. As he passed the tin can round the expectant crowd, before the performance, he used to explain: 'I dives, gentlemen, I dives. I don't jump. I don't fall. I don't flop. I don't leap. I don't waller. I dives.' If 'style is clearness,' as it has been called, and if there be nothing more to be said, my friend was a stylist to rank with many shining lights of churches and chapels."

Records in Review

Edward Tatnall Canby

THINGS have come to a pretty pass, some may say, when this reviewer, reared in the strictest neo-classic tradition, becomes a Rachmaninoff convert. To some I will seem traitor of the worst sort to the newer cult of anti-romanticism, yet I enjoy Rachmaninoff as composer and pianist because I feel a directness of purpose, a sureness of technique, an unfaltering understanding of musical principles, a lack of pretentiousness comparable to that of a skilled business executive. If you wish to see how young this sixty-eight-year-old is, and test your own reactions, try his performance of eleven of his own piano works. (V. M-722; $4.25).

★ ★

For those who are busy correlating Mozart's dismal life with his joyous works in the light of modern psychology, the Clarinet Concerto, K. 622 (V. M-708; $4.50), written very nearly *in extremis,* will provide fertile and beautifully played material for study. First rate Mozart, with Reginald Kell, clarinet; for everyone else, one of those inexplicably obscure works. . . . And for those who swing with Spanish music, De Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain* for piano and orchestra (V. M-725; $3.50) should be welcome. Fine performance as far as I can judge. . . . The Story of Rhinegold, as told at the piano by Robert Lawrence, (V. G-22; $2.25) is not as horrible as I had expected. The piano-played *Leitmotiv* excerpts are confusing, yet some may find the album useful. Mr. L.'s approach is reasonably grown-up; he makes some good points re the larger significance of the Ring. But Newman's Stories of the Great Operas (on paper) is still the best guide when combined with the operas themselves, wax or flesh.

In the way of Brahms on the piano, it's too bad to have to frown on Bartlett and Robertson's recording of the Haydn Variations in the composer's own two-piano version (C. X-181; $2.50) which, well played, is a stunning piece. This is a teaming-together of fingers, not minds; the playing has all of the qualities of expert sight-reading, and no more. . . . All of which is made more apparent by the recording by Luboschtz and Nemenoff of Mozart's 2-piano Sonata in D major K. 448 (V. M-274; $3.50), a beautiful work with a comic history. (Read the accompanying notes!) Here is technical perfection to the *nth* degree plus an adequate seasoning of musical intelligence in the performing. Good buy.

★ ★

Space forces this column to sidestep the great Sibelius problem, for

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the time being as one with too important implications to be lightly treated. For those who say Yes, Mr. Barbirolli's new recording of the 2nd symphony (C. M-423; $5.50) will be news, and perhaps to all of us who have mentally placed the New York Philharmonic along with the Italians in Libya, it will be news to find again a good—though not earth-shaking—performance to the orchestra's credit. Perhaps the bottom has been scraped. . . . The greatest (to me) of Bach's orchestral suites, the 3rd in D major, is recorded again, by Weingartner, (C. M-428; $3.50) whose heavy treatment is good for the Overture but not for the Gavotte and Gigue, which are unbearably slow.

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22- E	23- G	24- N		25- J	26- F	27- C	28- G		29- X	30- F	31- Y	32- A	33- N	34- V	35- S	
	36- X	37- Y	38- R	39- G	40- D	41- W	42- P		43- I	44- E	45- G	46- O	47- M	48- J	49- C	
	50- M	51- I		52- X	53- E	54- G	55- L	56- N	57- T		58- W	59- K	60- Y	61- N	62- A	
63- S	64- I		65- S	66- C	67- F		68- P	69- N	70- G	71- M	72- W	73- Q	74- R	75- A	76- D	
	77- G	78- K	79- D	80- Y	81- N	82- E		83- R	84- F	85- U	86- M		87- L	88- H		
89- P	90- L	91- V	92- N	93- C	94- A		95- A	96- W	97- Q	98- S	99- C	100- K	101- T	102- N		
103- D	104- W	105- T	106- O		107- Q	108- B	109- O	110- A	111- E		112- I	113- C	114- Q		115- S	
116- Y	117- L	118- B	119- J	120- G	121- A		122- K	123- T	124- S	125- J		126- F	127- B	128- H		
129- Y	130- R	131- L	132- J	133- C	134- G	135- F	136- W	137- K	138- A		139- M	140- H	141- A	142- G		
143- H	144- F	145- L		146- D	147- A	148- J	149- U		150- V	151- W	152- U	153- B	154- I		155- V	
156- E	157- K	158- H	159- T	160- M	161- P		162- W	163- N	164- T	165- K	166- C	167- S		168- C	169- X	
170- S	171- B		172- L	173- Q	174- I	175- X										

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Place of Byron's death.

B. Immigration to Palestine.

C. One thing and another (3 wds.)

D. Makes impetuous attack.

E. English poet and critic (1849-93).

F. Overstrained.

G. Novel by Charles Kingsley.

H. Formal avenue or mall (Fr.)

I. Secret society to redress Agrarian grievances (1785-67; 2 wds.)

J. American illustrator (1862-1924).

K. Intermittently (3 wds.)

L. Vincentio as disguised friar *(Measure for Measure).*

M. Stubbornly unreasonable persons (slang).

N. Rule of U. S. politics for nomination by Democratic Convention (comp.)

O. In 1824 he tried to found a communist colony in New Harmony, Ind.

P. Dabbles, putters.

Q. American author of former best seller (1889-).

R. Restores to fullness or sufficiency.

S. Non-Mormons.

T. Rough, not level.

U. First name of living American woman novelist (1874-).

V. Clefts in the earth; schisms.

W. Restrained.

X. Strength, muscular power.

Y. One who revels in the beautiful.

WORDS

95	15	75	121	141	94	32	110	138	147	62
118	108	153	171	11	127					
6	66	99	3	93	49	166	168	113	183	27
146	40	103	79	76						
53	44	156	22	111	82					
67	135	26	126	12	144	84	30			
77	23	134	45	142	39	54	120	28	70	
143	158	140	88	128						
154	4	64	7	112	43	174	1	51		
119	148	25	48	125	132					
59	122	13	78	165	157	100	137			
117	55	145	90	87	20	131	172			
86	50	139	16	47	71	160				
61	56	163	92	69	33	81	24	102		
109	46	106	5							
89	17	42	161	10	68					
107	73	97	114	173						
38	2	130	74	83	21					
35	170	63	65	115	98	124	167			
164	101	123	105	159	57					
8	14	85	152	149						
91	155	34	150	9						
136	19	151	104	162	96	41	72	58		
52	169	29	175	36						
129	116	60	31	80	37	18				

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